

C 98-36

Faculty of Music
University of Toronto

Music by Student Composers

April 2, 1998 8:00pm
Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building

- P R O G R A M -

Prelude

Wallace Halladay

Rosanne Wieringa, flute; Sarah Jeffrey, oboe; Aidan Pendleton, violin;
Liliana Rippandelli, viola; Kristen Wanner, cello

Three Dances

Solomon Douglas

Michael Eastwood, E flat clarinet;
Maria Gacesa, B flat clarinet; Robert Woolfrey, bass clarinet

Devotion (text by Rimma Skeini)

Eva Sze

Ariana Chris, mezzo-soprano; Judith McIntyre, cello;
Tiffany Hsieh, piano

She came home with her hands full of metal for piano and electroacoustic tape

Jason Stokes

Wendy Lee, piano

Piece for Flute and Electroacoustic Tape

Wallace Halladay

Nicholas Ursa, flute

The ping pong pame for saxophone and electroacoustic tape

Amelia Nurse

Wallace Halladay, saxophone

Piece for Bass and Electroacoustic Tape

Wendy Lee

Peter Olsen, bass

Astral saxophone for saxophone and electroacoustic tape

Paul Arnold

Wallace Halladay, saxophone

- I N T E R M I S S I O N -

Homage to Prokofiev

Aaron Brock

First Movement: *Pesante*

Rozalind Macphail, flute; Keri Skitch, oboe; Alanna Bello, clarinet;
Melanie Fairbrother, bassoon; Anthony Pezzetti, horn

Bird Raptures (text by C. Rossetti)

Marina Metelko

Ariana Chris, mezzo-soprano; Matthew Svoboda, Kristen Wanner, cellos;
Rosanne Wieringa, flute; Michael Westwood, clarinet;
Brian Baty, bass; Loke Chuah Tan, percussion

Semitonal

Nicholas Ursa

Aidan Pendleton, violin

Dialogue Between the Body and Soul of the Murdered Girl

Scott Good

Erica Tanner (Soul), Maria Riedstra (Body), sopranos;
Carol Shields, C flute, alto flute; Juliene Smordon, B flat clarinet, bass clarinet;
Emily Hamper, piano; Konstantin Popavic, violin; Anna Redacop, viola; Orsi Lengyez, cello

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Dialogue Between the Body and Soul of the Murdered Girl

Body: I speak not from my pallid lips
 but from these wounds.
 Soul: Red lips that cannot tell
 a credible tale.
 Body: In a world of martyr'd men
 these lips renounce their ravage:
 The wounds of France
 roused their fresh and fluid voices.
 Soul: War has victims beyond the bands
 bonded to slaughter. War moves with armoured wheels
 across the quivering flesh and patient limbs
 of all life's labile fronds.
 Body: France was the garden I lived in.
 Amid these trees, these fields, petals fell
 flesh to flesh: I was a wilder flower.
 Soul: Open and innocent. So is the heart
 laid virgin to my choice. I filled
 your vacant ventricles with dreams
 with immortal hopes and aspirations that exalt
 the flesh to passion, to love and hate.
 Child-radiance then clouded, the light
 that floods the mind is hot with blood
 pulse beats to the vibrant battle-cry
 the limbs are burnt with action.
 Body: The heart had not lost its innocence so soon
 but for the coming of that day when men
 speaking a strange tongue, wearing strange clothes
 armed, flashing with harness and spurs
 carrying rifles, lances or spears
 followed by rumbling waggons, shrouded guns
 passed through the village in endless procession
 swift, grim, scornful, exulting.
 Soul: You had not lost your innocence so soon
 but for the going of men from the village
 Your father gone, your brother
 only the old left, and the very young
 the women sad, the houses shuttered
 suspense of school, even of play
 the eager search for news, the air
 of universal doubt, and then the knowledge
 that the wavering line of battle now was fixed
 beyond this home. The soil was tilled
 for visionary hate
 Body: Four years was time enough
 for such a seedling hate to grow
 sullen, close, intent:
 To wait and wonder
 but to abate
 no fervour in the slow passage of despair.
 Soul: The mind grew tense.
 Body: My wild flesh was caught
 in the cog and gear of hate.
 Soul: I lay coiled, the spring
 of all your intricate design.
 Body: You served me well. But still I swear
 Christ was my only King.
 Soul: France was your motherland:
 To her you gave your life and limbs.
 Body: I gave these hands and gave these arms
 I gave my head of ravelled hair.
 Soul: You gave your sweet round breasts
 like Agatha who was your Saint.
 Body: Mary Aegyptiaca
 is the pattern of my greatest loss.
 Soul: To whom in nakedness and want
 God sent a holy man.
 Who clothed her, shrived her, gave her peace
 before her spirit left the earth
 Body: My sacrifice was made to gain
 the secrets of these hostile men.
 Soul: I hover round your fameless features
 barred from Heaven by light electric.
 Body: All men who find these mauled remains
 will pray to Mary for your swift release.
 Soul: The cry that left your dying lips
 was heard by God.
 Body: I died for France.
 A bright mantle fell across your bleeding limbs
 Your face averted shone with sacred fire.
 So be content. In this war
 many men have perished not bless'd
 with faith in a cause, a country or a God
 not less martyrs than Herod's/
 Victims, Ursula's Virgins
 or any mass'd innocents massacred.
 Body: such men give themselves not to their/
 God but to their fate
 die thinking the face of God not love/
 but hate.
 Soul: Those who die for a cause die comforted/
 and coy;
 believing their cause God's cause/
 they die with joy.

-Herbert Read